

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,  
The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We powt vpon the Morning, are vnapt  
To giue or to forgieue; but when we haue stufft  
These Pipes, and these Conuayances of our blood  
With Wine and Feeding, we haue suppler Seules  
Then in our Priest-like Faits: therefore Ile watch him  
Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then Ile set vpon him.

*Bru.* You know the very rode into his kindnesse,  
And cannot lose your way.

*Mene.* Good faith Ile proue him,  
Speed how it will. I shall ere long, haue knowledge  
Of my successe. *Exit.*

*Com.* Hee'l neuer heare him.  
*Sicim.* Not.

*Com.* I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye  
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Inury  
The Gaoler to his pittie. I kneel'd before him,  
'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismiss me  
Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do  
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,  
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:  
So that all hope is vaine, vnlesse his Noble Mother,  
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to sollicite him  
For mercy to his Countrey: therefore let's hence,  
And with our faire intreaties haile them on. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.*

*Wat.* Stay: whence are you.  
*Wat.* Stand, and go backe.

*Me.* You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leaue,  
I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with *Coriolanus*.

*Wat.* From whence? *Mene.* From Rome.

*Wat.* You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall  
will no more heare from thence.

*Wat.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before  
You'll speake with *Coriolanus*.

*Mene.* Good my Friends,  
If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,  
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,  
My name hath touch't your eares: it is *Menenius*.

*Wat.* Be it so, go back: the vertue of your name,  
Is not heere passable.

*Mene.* I tell thee Fellow,  
Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue benee  
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read  
His Fame vnparalell'd, happily amplified:  
For I haue euer verified my Friends,  
(Of whom hee's cheere) with all the size that verity  
Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes,  
Like to a Bowle vpon a subtle ground  
I haue tumbled past the throw: and in his praise  
Haue (almost) stamp't the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,  
I must haue leaue to passe.

*Wat.* Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe,  
as you haue vttered words in your owne, you should not  
passe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to  
liue chaffly. Therefore go backe.

*Mene.* Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*,  
alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall.

*Wat.* Howsoeuer you haue bin his Lier, as you say you  
haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, must say you  
cannot passe. Therefore go backe.

*Mene.* Ha's he din'd can't thou tell? For I would not  
speake with him, till after dinner.

*Wat.* You are a Roman, are you?

*Mene.* I am as thy Generall is.

*Wat.* Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you,  
when you haue pusht out your gates, the very Defender  
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giuen your  
enemy your shield, thinke to front his reuenges with the  
easie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your  
daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a de-  
cay'd Dotant as you seeme to be? Can you thinke to blow  
out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with  
such weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therefore  
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are  
condemn'd, our Generall has sworn you out of repreece  
and pardon.

*Mene.* Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,  
He would vse me with estimation.

*Wat.* Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

*Mene.* I meane thy Generall.

*Wat.* My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, go: leaue  
I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the ve-  
most of your hauing, backe.

*Mene.* Nay but fellow, fellow.

*Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.*

*Corio.* What's the matter?

*Mene.* Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you:  
you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall  
perceiue, that a Iacke gardant cannot office me from my  
Son *Coriolanus*, guesse but my entertainment with him: if  
thou stand'st not i'th state of hanging, or of some death  
more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, be-  
hold now presently, and swoond for what's to come vpon  
thee. The glorious Gods sit in hourely Synod about thy  
particular prosperitie, and loue thee no worse then thy old  
Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art pre-  
paring fire for vs: looke thee, heere's water to quench it.  
I was hardly moued to come to thee: but being assured  
none but my selfe could moue thee, I haue bene blowne  
out of our Gates with sighes: and conuine thee to par-  
don Rome, and thy petitionary Countymen. The good  
Gods asswage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon  
this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed  
my access to thee.

*Corio.* Away.

*Mene.* How? Away?

*Corio.* Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires  
Are seruanted to others: Though I owe  
My Reuenge properly, my remission lies  
In Volcan breasts. That we haue benee familiar,  
Ingrate forgetfulnesse shall poison rather  
Then pittie: Note how much, therefore be gone.  
Mine eares against your suites, are stronger then  
Your gates against my force. Yet for I loued thee,  
Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,  
And would haue sent it. Another word *Menenius*,  
I will not heare thee speake. This man *Aufidius*  
Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

*Aufid.* You keepe a constant temper. *Exeunt.*

*Manet the Guard and Menenius.*

*Wat.* Now sir, is your name *Menenius*?

*Wat.* 'Tis a spell you see of much power:

You know the way home againe.

*Wat.* Do you heare how wee are shent for keeping your  
greatnesse backe?

*Wat.* What cause do you thinke I haue to swoond?

*Mene.* I neither care for th'world, nor your Generall:  
for such things as you, I can scarce thinke ther's any, y<sup>e</sup> are  
so flight. He that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it

not from another: Let your Generall do his worst. For  
you, bee that you are, long; and your misery encrease  
with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away. *Exit.*

*Wat.* A Noble Fellow I warrant him.  
*Wat.* The worthy Fellow is our Generall. He's the Rock,  
The Oake not to be winde-shaken. *Exit Watch.*

*Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

*Corio.* We will before the walls of Rome to morrow  
Set downe our Host. My partner in this Action,  
You must report to th' Volcan Lords, how plainly  
I haue borne this Businesse.

*Auf.* Onely their ends you haue respected,  
Stopt your eares against the generall suite of Rome:  
Neuer admitted a priuat whisper, no not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you.

*Corio.* This last old man,  
Whom with a crack'd heart I haue sent to Rome,  
Loud me, about the measure of a Father,  
Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge  
Was to send him: for whose old Loue I haue  
(Though I shew'd sowrely to him) once more offer'd  
The first Conditions which they did refuse,  
And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,  
That thought he could do more: A very little  
I haue yeelded too. Fresh Embassies, and Suites,  
Nor from the State, nor priuat friends heereafter  
Will I lend eare to: Ha? what shout is this? *Shout within*  
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Martius,*  
*with Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould  
Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand  
The Grandchilde to her blood. But our affection,  
All bond and priuiledge of Nature breake;  
Let it be Vertuous to be Obstinate.

What is that Curt'sie worth? Or those Doues eyes,  
Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not  
Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes,  
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should  
In supplication nod: and my yong Boy  
Hath an Aspect of intercession, which  
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces  
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; Ile neuer  
Be such a Gosling to obey infinit: but stand  
As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin

*Virgil.* My Lord and Husband.

*Corio.* These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

*Virg.* The sorrow that deliues vs thus chang'd,  
Makes you thinke so.

*Corio.* Like a dull Actor now, I haue forgot my part,  
And I am out, euen to a full Disgrace. Best of my Flesh,  
Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not say,  
For that forgiue our Romanes. O a kisse  
Long as my Exile, sweet as my Reuenge!

Now by the ialous Queene of Heauen, that kisse  
Icaried from thee deare; and my true Lippe  
Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray,  
And the most noble Mother of the world  
Leaue vnshar'd: Sink my knee i'th'earth,  
Of thy deepe duty, more impression shew  
Then that of common Sonnes.

*Volum.* Oh stand vp blest!

Whil't with no softer Cushion then the Flint  
I kneele before thee, and vnproperly  
Shew duty as mistaken, all this while,

*Kneeles*

Betweene the Childe, and

*Corio.* What's this?

To your Corrected Sonne

Then let the Pibbles on

Fillop the Starres: Then

Strike the proud Cedars

Murdring Impossibility

What cannot be, flight

*Volum.* Thou art my

Do you know this Lady

*Corio.* The Noble Si

The Moone of Rome: C

That's curdied by the Fre

And hangs on *Dians* Ter

*Volum.* This is a poor

Which by th'interpretat

May shew like all your s

*Corio.* The God of So

With the consent of sup

Thy thoughts with Nobl

To shame vnvulnerable,

Like a great Sea-marke st

And sauing those that eye

*Volum.* Your knee, Si

*Corio.* That's my brau

*Volum.* Euen he, your

Are Sutors to you.

*Corio.* I beseech you p

Or if you'd aske, remem

The thing I haue forswor

Be held by you denials.

Dismiss my Soldiers, or

Againe, with *Romes* Mec

Wherein I seeme vnnatur

My Rages and Reuenges.

*Volum.* Oh no more, n

You haue said you will ne

For we haue nothing else

Which you deny already

That if you faile in our re

May hang vpon your har

*Corio.* *Aufidius*, and

Heare nought from *Rome*

*Volum.* Should we be

And state of Bodies wou

We haue led since thy Ex

How more vnfortunate th

Are we come hither; sine

Make our eies flow with i

Constraines them weepe,

Making the Mother, wife,

The Sonne, the Husband,

His Countries Bowels out

Thine enmities most capit

Our prayers to the Gods,

That all but we enjoy. Fo

Alas! how can we, for our

Whereto we are bound, t

Whereto we are bound; a

The Countrie our deere N

Our comfort in the Count

An euident Calamity, tho

Our wish, which side shou

Must as a Forraine Recrea

With Manacles through o

Triumphantly treade on th

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